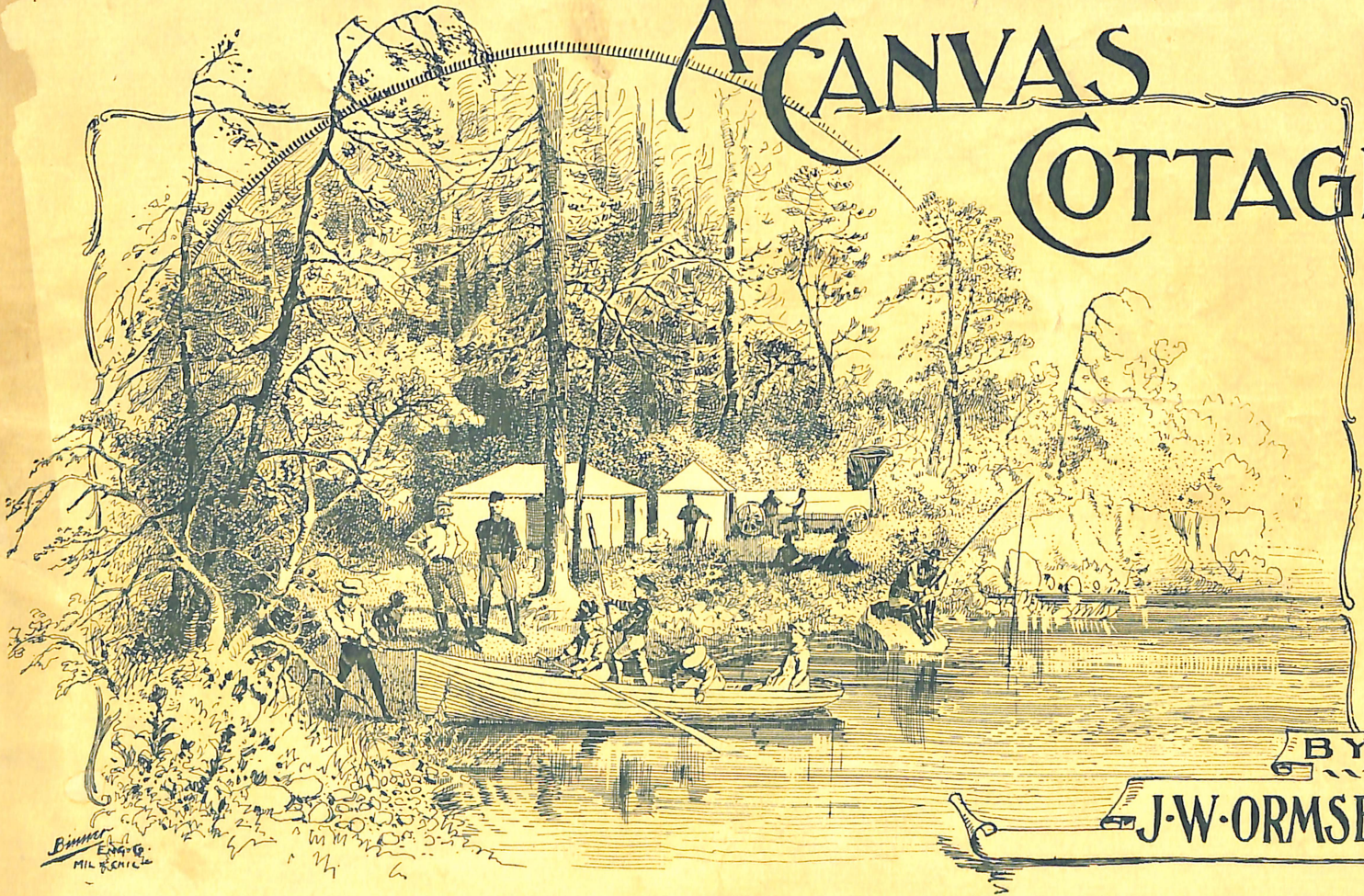
A CANVAS COTTAGE



BY

J·W·ORMSBY.



ON THE ROAD—A HALT TO VIEW THE SCENERY.

A CANVAS COTTAGE.

BY - - - - - -

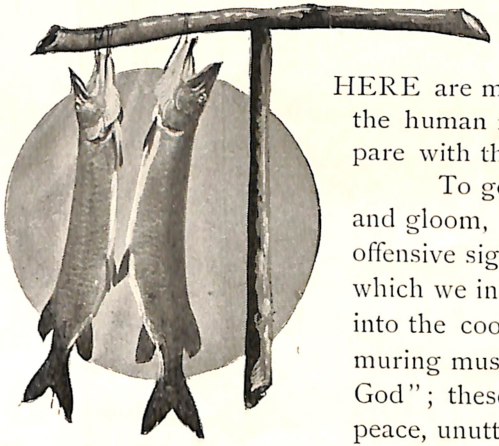
J. W. ORMSBY.

Canvas Cottage Co.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

Letterpress by
King, Fowle & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

A Canvas Cottage.



HERE are many pleasures and delights which Providence has bestowed upon the human race, in order to make life worth living, but few, if any, can compare with the intensity of the enjoyment afforded by "camping out."

To get away for a while, be it for ever so short a time, from the grime and gloom, the incessant clang and clamor of the crowded city; from the offensive sights and sounds and smells of the brick and mortar wilderness which we inhabit and call "home," and, with a few kindred spirits, to plunge into the cool and sweet-scented depths of the forests, to listen to the murmuring music of the waters and "to commune with Nature and with Nature's God"; these are the joys in life which bring to weary man that rest and peace, unutterable and unfathonable, which the Buddhist calls "Nirvana"—a life void of passion and desire, basking in the sunshine of measureless content, floating on and on in an unending voyage of eternal calm.

The man who daily treads the hard and noisy streets of the city, or who finds his only vacation amidst the glare and glitter of the fashionable watering-place, either knows nothing of Nature's longing for rest, or is hampered by conditions which drive him, like a galley slave, down dusty roads of life, even while he can see, throughout his journey, the fragrant paths of peace, through dewy, sun-kissed meadows,



SHOWING INTERIOR OF COTTAGES JOINED.

BEDROOM, DININGROOM AND KITCHEN.

and by the side of rippling, laughing waterways that mock him even while they smile and beckon him to "come."

There are golden hours in our summer camping-days when we little care what time of day it is, nor what the day or week or month may be. It is enough to feel the measureless content of living, to breathe the pure and fragrant air, to see the blue sky over us, to hear the music of brooks, the drowsy droning of the bees, the joyous trilling of the birds, and the faint tinkle of far-off cow-bells. These are days when childhood comes back to weary man, as he throws himself down upon the warm bosom of our Universal Mother Earth, who includes every wandering and distempered child in her exhaustless ministrations.

But though days are golden, how unutterably magnificent are the nights! How the stars glitter! How sweetly solemn is night's silence! How soothing is the faint thrill of the cricket's cry which fills the air with its sustained and continuous music! Above all earthly things, how near we are to Heaven!

For me, Nature is enjoyable chiefly through the sense of isolation. I do not know how it may be with others; I love to be alone—to feel that I am alone, that the world does not know where I am, and could not come to me if it did. I like to bathe in solitude as in a sea, and know that I am King of a Realm no other can dispute with me. To be alone with Nature is my idea of a vacation. I do not trouble myself about the Latin names or scientific character of what she shows me; indeed, I hardly care whether the birds and the flowers have any names at all.

I remember once spending a whole hot summer afternoon on a little lake a hundred miles from civilization, filling a canoe with water lilies, just to take them to the head of a long, dashing rapid half a mile below, where, sitting on the bank, I threw them in and watched each one on its perilous voyage through the boiling maze. It was the silliest of child's play, but somehow it rested me; and when I saw the trout leaping now and then in the foaming eddies where my lilies had lodged, I laughed at the quaint conceits which crowded my brain. That night the water and the lilies, the placid lake and the foamy



MUSKALLONGE FISHERMEN.

EAGLE WATERS, WISCONSIN.

waterfall were mingled in my dreams with the mist that hung over the eddies, the moonlight that kissed it, and winged fairies that trooped out of the forest and disported themselves in the silver sheen. It was as if there had been "a new heaven and a new earth." My dreams were of laughter and love, and when the morning came I found that time had been winging a backward flight, and the coils of many weary days had been unraveled while I slept. It lives with me through all these years—the memory of that little emerald lakelet stodded with white and yellow blossoms, flooded with golden sunshine and silver moonlight—and I would not lose that dream or have its brightness dimmed even by a breath.

There is one base alloy in the pure gold of these summer idyls, one relentless specter who is with us always, and who chases us almost from the cradle to the grave. The curse of Adam follows us into the wilderness, and we find grim Work confronting us even there.

Giant Work demands that if we enjoy comforts, we must consult him about them; he has delights to sell, but he has also his price to pay; he frowns direfully upon the sluggard, but smiles royally upon the diligent. Though a tyrant, yet is he good-hearted withal, and ofttimes covers his hardest tasks with tricksy fancies and flowers till they seem like cheeriest play, and often rewards the labor-saving devices of some busy brain with remission of his taxes.

The old, rude hardships of camping life are fast disappearing, and luxurious ease is creeping in on all sides. We no longer sit on stumps and logs at our camping meals, but we now have folding chairs and tables, light, strong and compact. Aching bones no longer greet us after a night's sleep on the ground, for our cot is soft and downy as need be, and folds away almost like a handkerchief. Better than these, our collapsible stove has banished the old savage cookery that nothing but our keen appetites used to make even passable.



READY FOR A TROLL.

OUR FOLDING CANVAS BOAT.

One old landmark of misery remained, and it was our chief, because our largest-sized trouble. The old, low "wall tent," with its vile, sloping roof, its maze of guy-ropes, its awkward and everlastingly-in-the-way center poles, and its generally slipshod and clumsy appearance was our *bete noir*. Yet, bad as it was, it was immeasureably better than other shapes and styles we have tried, for it had the advantage of simplicity, while the costly substitutes were both complex and clumsy.

After tugging and sweating over our wall tent for hours on a blazing day, we would find we had set some of the guys and stakes wrong, the tent was lopsided and awry, and had a generally rakish and drunken appearance, and the inside was like a glowing furnace, its low walls radiating insupportable heat

Then, in the midst of thoughts remarkable chiefly for vitriolic strength, came the idea that some day we would build a tent that would be not so much a tent as a CANVAS COTTAGE, with four straight, high walls, and a cool and lofty roof without awkward centerpoles, or profanity-breeding guy-ropes, with a jointed frame that would take apart and fit together with the ease and simplicity of a fishing-rod, and that would be so light that it could be carried between a couple of men in perfect comfort.

It was not to take more than ten or fifteen minutes for two men to set it up, and if we saw a cooler spot for it, it was not to be any trouble, because it had already been "pitched," for our four men could simply take up the whole Cottage and walk away with it. It was to be mosquito-proof and rain-proof. It was to have window panes of glass sliding into canvas grooves, if we wanted them. Of course it was to be unique and handsome in its outer appearance, to excite the envy of our less progressive friends. In a word, it was to be strong and light, simple and easy to set up or take down, durable and compact, handsome yet comfortable, lofty and cool, without a guy-rope or pole to mar its convenience, everything about it to be of the best material that money could buy.

This was an arduous programme, but its difficulties disappeared as we went on with the work, carefully planning each pole and joint, and figuring its roof-strain and wall-strain, until we knew it "filled the bill" completely.



LAKE WINNEBAGO, WIS.

12x18 Cottage, showing how Walls may be Lowered.

But even when our CANVAS COTTAGE was completed, besieged by swarms of friends who praised it in language that would have seemed extravagant, had we not felt so proud of it, we never thought of its possibilities until a lawyer-friend asked if it was patented, and suggested that it was worth investigating on the lines of patenting and manufacturing for sale direct to the thousands of kindred tastes all over the country.

This was the germ of what promises to be a large industry. The demand for tents like everything else, being largest for the best article that can be produced, and the CANVAS COTTAGE having manifest points of superiority over any tent, for all purposes for which tents can be used, the business of manufacturing and placing them on the market can only be handled to best advantage on the large scale upon which the CANVAS COTTAGE COMPANY has been equipped.

The CANVAS COTTAGE is both ornamental and useful for lawns, and for children's summer playhouses. It is certain to be adopted by the army of sportsmen who go hunting or fishing where tent life is most feasible, and who find their chief annoyance in the use of the clumsy old-fashioned tent. It is especially adapted for use by the National Guards of the several States at their annual encampments, and is destined to supersede all of the common wall tents for that purpose.

Many of the accompanying illustrations are reproduced from photographs, by courtesy of Mr. Henry T. Drake, and are intended to show the CANVAS COTTAGE in process of erection. Also views of our camps and grounds at various places, showing the COTTAGE in combination with other tents. The view of the COTTAGE taken alone is the 8 by 12 size, while the view showing the deer in the foreground has both the 14 by 20 and the 8 by 12 sizes.

The CANVAS COTTAGE has been patented, nothing at all like it having been found on the files of the Patent Office. It is made at present only in the following sizes: 8 feet wide by 12 feet long; 9 feet wide by 12 feet long; 9 feet wide by 14 feet long; 12 feet wide by 18 feet long, with side-walls 6 feet 3 inches



DEER HUNTERS' CAMP.

NEAR BIG FLATS, WIS.

high and 9½ feet from the center to the ridge pole. Also 14 by 20; walls 6 feet 3 inches, and 10 feet 3 inches high, with outer walls provided with sod cloths.

Not a single portion of it will be of cheap or dubious material, but everything of the best that can be found in any market, and everyone will be built under the direct and personal supervision of the patentee.

It will be shipped to any Railroad Station in the United States, on approval, to any responsible business man quoted in Bradstreet's, or to others on receipt of satisfactory references.

Feeling confident that each one of these roomy, convenient and elegant CANVAS COTTAGES will create a demand for a dozen more. We respectfully solicit correspondence, and would be pleased to answer any letters of inquiry, giving prices and any desired information.

CANVAS COTTAGE COMPANY,

MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.



A FISHING PARTY ON THE WISCONSIN LAKES.



ROBERTSON'S CAMP.

SHOWING ORMSBY'S CAMPING WAGON.



DEER HUNTERS' CAMP.

NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

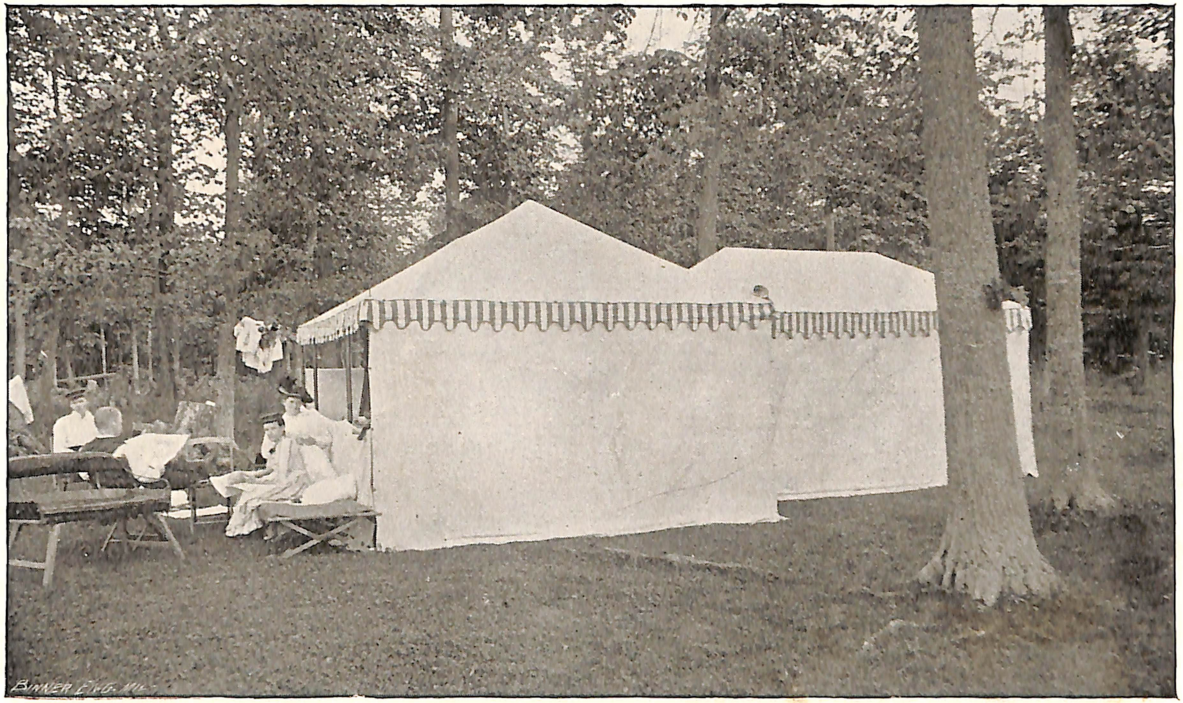


TELULAH SPRINGS, NEAR APPLETON, WIS.



MUENTZER'S CAMP.

South Shore Lake Winnebago, near Neenah, Wis.



ON THE EAST SHORE OF LAKE WINNEBAGO, WIS.



PEABODY GROVE, LAKE WINNEBAGO, WIS.

ORMSBY CAMPING WAGON IN FOREGROUND.



OUR FIRST DEER—Shot by Mr. H. T. Drake.

Two Cottages in Background 8x12 and 14x20. Camp J. F. Wiley, Adams Co., Wis.

THE CANVAS COTTAGE.

ITS ADVANTAGES OVER THE OLD STYLE TENT.

There are no guy-ropes to expand, contract and pull the tent out of shape, and no center-pole to take up the best part of the inside of the tent.

It is easily erected. No measurements to be made or stakes to drive.

It is compact and light. All the frame-work is made of light, dry cedar, basswood or pine, and, from its mode of construction, can be lighter than the ordinary tent-poles.

It can be moved a short distance without taking down.

One or more sides may be opened or covered with mosquito bar, an invaluable advantage in open places in hot weather.

It will outlast the ordinary tent, as there is no strain on the canvas to eventually tear it.

In fact, a compartment tent without the least inside obstruction in any of its rooms, and no guy-ropes on the outside, making it truly

A CANVAS COTTAGE.

THE first four illustrations following show the whole *modus operandi* of erecting a CANVAS COTTAGE, and the simple, yet effective system of braces employed, overcoming the great objection to the common tent—guy-ropes and center-poles.

A mosquito bar may be used to cover one or more sides of the COTTAGE, which will admit plenty of fresh air, keep out mosquitoes, flies, etc.

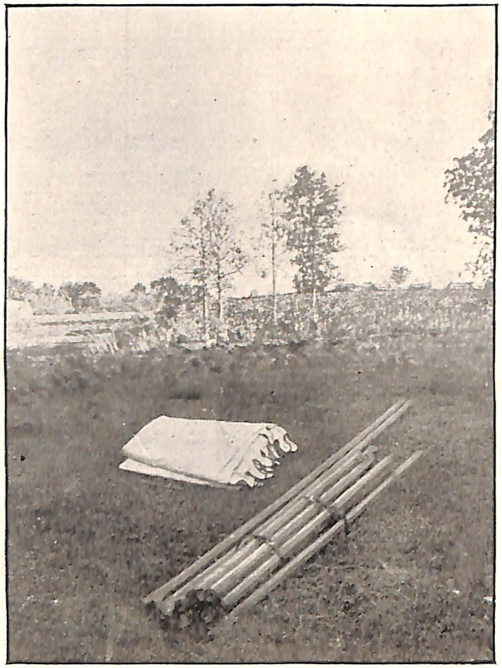
Illustration 1 shows the compactness of the COTTAGE when rolled ready for transportation.

Illustration 2 shows the roof frame completed; the different parts being interchangeable, no confusion can arise in putting them together.

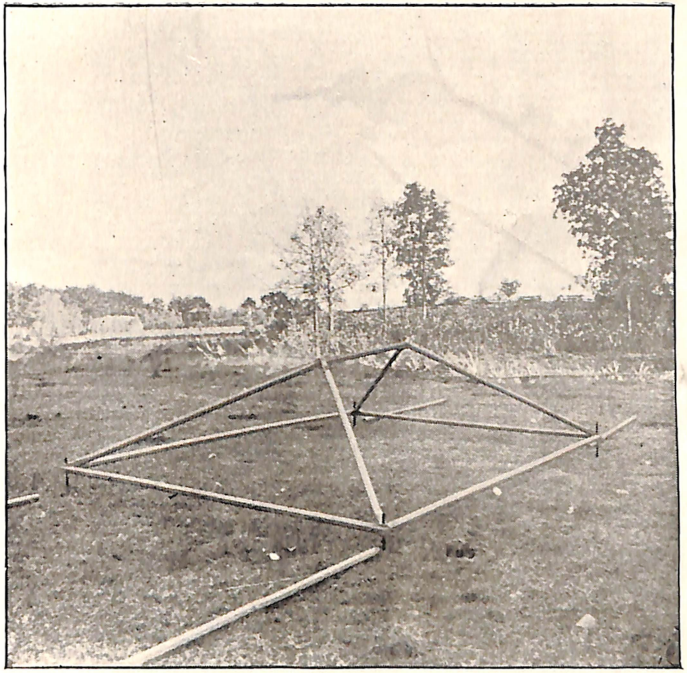
Illustration 3 shows the roof covered with the canvas and buttoned to the eave poles.

Illustration 4 shows the COTTAGE standing ready for the walls to be buttoned to the eave poles underneath the curtains. Braces, running from the eave poles to the corner posts, are of spring steel, and entirely do away with guy-ropes and their attending ills.

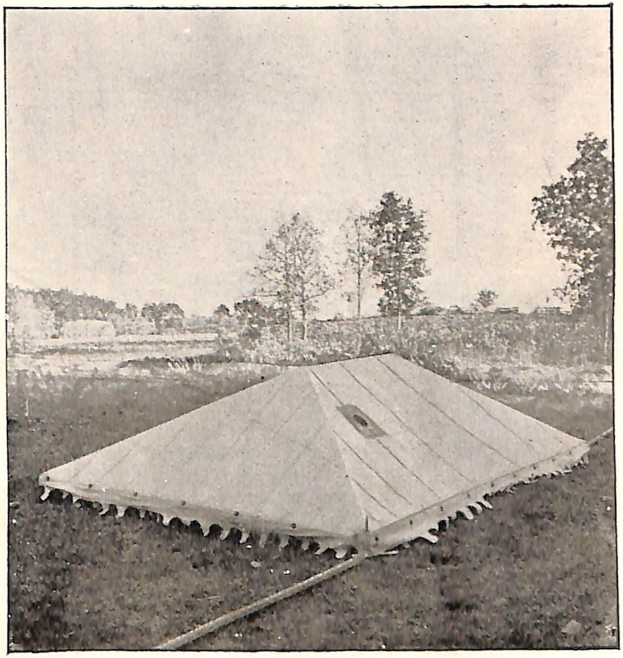
The next illustration shows the 8 by 12 COTTAGE in use as a kitchen, two sides thrown open—a complete protection from the sun and still out of doors. This illustration shows the value of the CANVAS COTTAGE as a lawn tent.



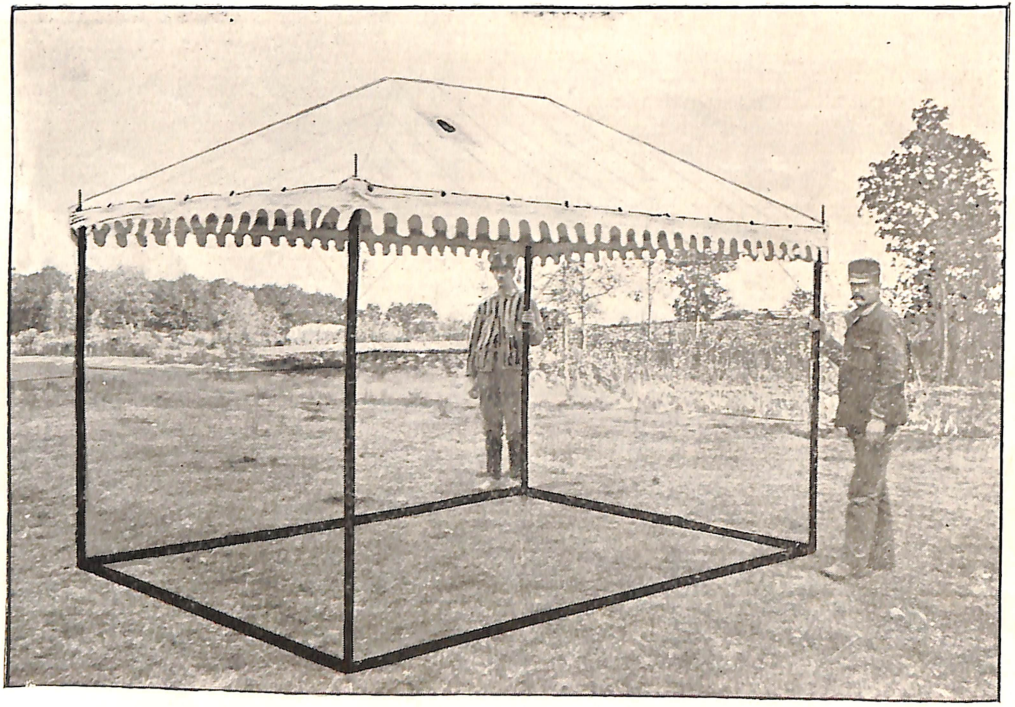
No. 1—ON THE GROUND.



No. 2—ROOF FRAME COMPLETED.



No. 3—ROOF COVERED.



No. 4—COTTAGE UP, READY FOR WALLS.

SHOWING BASE RODS, CORNER POSTS AND ROOF IN POSITION.



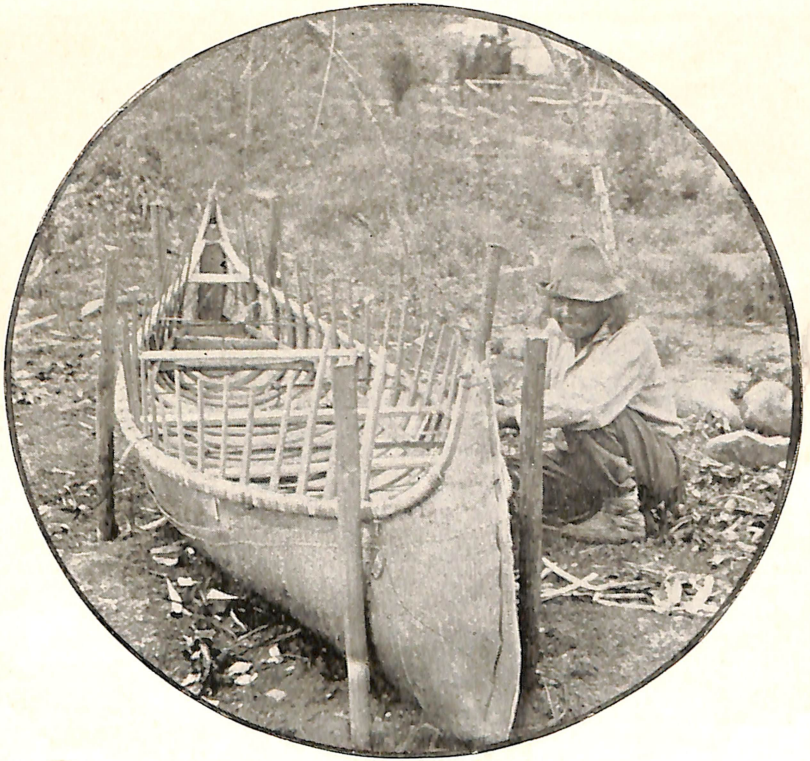
8 x 12 COTTAGE, SHOWING TWO SIDES OPEN.

USED AS A KITCHEN.



SCENE ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

ON THE LINE OF THE M. L. S. & W. RY.



INDIAN BUILDING A BIRCH-BARK CANOE.



JUDSON FALLS, NEAR LAKE GOGEBIC.

ON THE LINE OF THE M. L. S. & W. RY.

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